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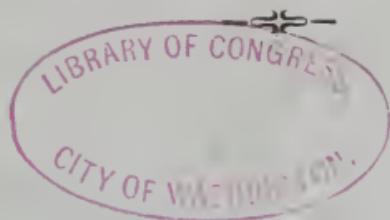
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A Drama

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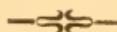
Minnie S. Tanner.



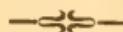
NEW YORK:
HASTINGS & HABBERTON,
27 PARK PLACE.

GINGERELLA;

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.



By Minnie H. Tanner.



Characters.

Madame Martela,—Mother.	Prince Peatra.
Constantine, } Arabella, } Daughters.	Buletin,—The Prince's Page.
	Fantasia,—Godmother.
Cinderella.—Step Daughter.	Fairies and Elfs.

Ball Room, Guests, &c.

Act First.

Scene 1st.

(Madame Martela's Parlor.)

Soliloquy.

Cin. Long years ago my mother died,
My father won another bride,
With two fair daughters by her side;
With stately forms, and dark eyes bright,
Whose lustre nearly killed with fright
Poor little Cinderella.

Since then I've learned, ah ! wo is me,
What 'tis to be a maid to three
Hard, stern women. Oh ! I shall go wild.
Dear father, bring back to your child
The loving heart they won away
From little Cinderella.

PS 635
29 T 167

Why father, sure you don't forget
The child who loves you dearly yet ?
Oh, angel mother, o'er me keep
Thy watch guard. Ah, if I could but sleep,
I am so tired—so tired. [Reclines.]

(Enter Madame Martela.)

Mad. (shakes her.)

What, Cinderella, asleep so soon ?
And have not even swept the room ;
How stupid, thus to waste your time,
Oh, will you ever learn to mind ?
Go, sift the cinders, scour the tin,
And search well for my diamond pin.

(Enter daughters.)

Ara. Well, well, you lazy little thing,
I thought I bade you clean my ring ;
Con. Go, and don't forget a lunch for me,
A slice of toast and a cup of tea.

[exit Cin.]

Mad. I wish I could give that child away,
She grows more stupid every day.

Con. I don't think I should ever cry,
If Cindy should get sick and die.

Ara. Now I'd be willing to cry all day,
If she was sure to stay away.

Mad. Hush ! be careful what you say, my dear

(Enter Cin.)

Cin. Buletin, the Prince's page is here

(Enter Bul. with note, which he hands to Madame.)

Bul. Ah! ladies fair, I've news to bring,
A message from our noble king. [exit.]

Mad. (reads note.)

He has prepared a festive ball,
And kindly bids us, one and all,
Prepare ourselves as best we may,
To celebrate his feasting day.

Con. Oh! our good, our noble king,
To think of such a kindly thing.

Ara. Oh! how delightful it will be,
Our darling noble Prince to see;
I've dreamed of this from a little lass,
And now my dream has come to pass.

Con. Take care my dear, you may slip up,
You've heard about the lip and cup.

Mad. Come, come, my daughters, sit down here,
And talk about what you will wear;
We only have three days, you know,
To do it all, whate'er we do.

Ara. As I'm the elder of the two,
My choice first, then after you;
I want to look my very best,
If I'm to be a prince's guest:
So my dress shall be of azure hue,
You know I look so well in blue;
And flowers shall my hair adorn,
At such a place they're always worn;
I intend to look well if I go,
And intend the prince shall tell me so.

Con. My dress shall be of ruby cast,
I am not least, if I am last,
Jewels in my hair shall rest,
As they best suit a royal guest;
I don't suppose our prince will care,
For a flower girl, with auburn hair:

And mind you, I shall have the chance
To lead with the prince in the mazy dance.

Mad. My daughters, you have chosen well,
Now I propose my plans to tell.
I think for one of stately mein,
A courtly train of bottle green ;
With costly lace and diamonds rare,
Selected with the choicest care ;
Then peacock plumes my hair shall grace ;
Towering high above my face—
They will look so grand.

(*Curtain falls.*)

Scene 2d.

(*Dressing Room. The ladies preparing for the Ball.*)

Mad. Cinderella, hand my shawl,

Ara. Get away, you don't help me at all :

Mad. Don't forget to sweep up here,

Con. Does my hair look nicely, Bella dear ?

Mad. Your flowers and fans pray don't forget,

(*Speaking to Con.*)

Here is your handkerchief, my pet.

(*Bell rings.*)

Cin. A carriage, ladies, at the door.

Mad. Well, we won't be home till the ball is o'er.

[*exit ladies.*]

Cin. All gone, all gone, alone once more,

With naught to do but scrub the floor ;

And work and delve from morn till night,

Till my body is so weary,

This drudgery ill suits my taste,

Shall I in this seclusion waste

All the bright young life which God has

given me ?

And is it right for me to long,
 To-night, to join that happy throng?
 Or must I think of nothing else
 But toiling?
 I know I should enjoy it there,
 Amidst the perfume-laden air;
 With music light, and dancing gay,
 Till the wee small hours of night.
 Oh! would I were a fairy free,
 Or knew some elf, or sprite, to be
 A fairy godmother to me.

[reclines.]

(Enters *Fantasia*, and tips *Cin.* with her wand.)

Godmother. Wake up, my dear,
 For I am here,
 Your heart to cheer.

Cin. You frighten me; how did you come?
 Who are you, please; where are you from?

Godmother. Your godmother,
 You called me here;
 You don't know me?
 How very queer
 You mortals are.

I came to take you to the ball,
 Did the prince not ask you, one and all?
 So come with me, you little girl,
 And join with the rest in the dizzy whirl.

Cin. Why, don't you think I'd look forlorn,
 In a dress so old, and shoes so torn?

Gm. Leave that to me, and we shall see;
 My wand I wave, one—two—three.

(*Fantasia* waves wand, and *Cinderella* is transformed into a princess.)

Cin. Why, fairy mother, what is here?
 But how will a cinder-sweep appear
 At such a place?

You know, my mother, I've never been
Even without, much more within
A prince's ball room.

Gm. The power of spirits go with thee,
And make you all you seem to be ;
A coach I've made of a pumpkin round,
And eight large rats in harness bound,
Will safely take you there.
At twelve o'clock you must be home,
For then my power will all have gone :
Now my little princess gay,
Embrace me, then away—away.

(Curtain falls.)

Act Second.

Scene 1st.

[A Tableau. Ball room, with guests dancing. Cinderella at front of the stage with prince. Prince's page holding Cinderella's bouquet, fan, &c. Music, and a clock slowly striking twelve; at the last stroke Cinderella disappears, leaving the prince amazed, and one of her slippers on the floor.]

(Curtain falls.)

Scene 2d.

[A grove by moonlight. Fantasia standing on her throne.]

Fan. Down in the woodland, the little elfs gliding
Home from the ball the fair princess are
guiding,
Over the waters the moonbeams are shining ;
Giving the cloudlets a bright silver lining ;
With diamond dew-drops. the lilies are
glistening,

While the world is so noiseless, all nature
seems listening.

Hark ! they are coming, I hear the bells
tinkling ;

Yes, I am right, they are here in a twinkling.

[Enter Cinderella, on her way home from the ball, led by fairies, who throw flowers at her feet ; she goes to the front of the stage and reclines upon a mossy bank, while fairies dance around their Queen Fantasia. Ends in tableau.]

(Curtain falls.)

Act Third.

Scene 1st.

[Sitting-room ; Constantine and Arabella lounging. Time—morning after the ball. Enter Madame.]

Mad. Both asleep ; well, they need some rest,
They danced so hard, they did their best ;
Ah ! not asleep, well, my mistake,
Must be excitement keeps you awake.

Ara., *yawning*.

Oh ! dear me, the ball is o'er,
And we are safely home once more.

Con. Bella, are you sure your heart's all right ?
So you didn't quite catch the prince last
night.

You looked so lovely, dressed in blue,
Ha, ha, ha, did he tell you so ?

Ara. He noticed me quite as much as you,
For all you made such a great ado
About your jewels, and oh yes, that chance
You were going to have to lead in the dance.

You cautioned me about the cup and lip,
I think it was you that got the slip.

Mad. Hush my pets, and list to me,
Who can that little princess be ?
I'm sure you could not fail to see
How she fled at twelve so mysteriously.

Ara. Yes, and I saw as she passed through the
door,
She dropped her slipper on the floor.

Con. But did you know that by the king's com-
mand,
The slipper was laid in his royal hand ?

Mad. Why, I didn't notice that my dear.

(Enter *Cin.*)

Ladies, the prince's page is here.

Enters page.

The day to you, my ladies fair,
His honor's compliments I bear ;
Last night, some lady at the ball,
In dancing, let her slipper fall.
The slipper to the king was brought,
A tiny thing, in beauty wrought ;
So small a shoe he ne'er had seen,
'Twas only fit to grace a Queen.
And he vowed by all that's good and true,
He'd marry the owner of that shoe.

(*Ara. aside to Con.*)

I have a smaller foot than you.

Con. Mine is the more shapely of the two ;

Bul. So, throughout the realm the ladies all
Are bidden to the palace hall ;
He bids you come to-morrow eve,
Adien then, ladies, by your leave. [exit.]

Mad. Well, this is strange, I must declare,
A really remarkable affair.

(*Con. to Ara.*)

I suppose you'll bandage your feet tight,
And bear the pain for one whole night.

Ara. Your heels and toes you'd have to pare,
Before you could the slipper wear.

Mad. My daughters, 'twould be fine I ween,
To try the shoe and be the queen ;
And you must leave no means untried,
For the realm you know is very wide ;
And ladies will come from far and near,
To see if they can the slipper wear.

Cin. My feet are small, may I not go,
Just long enough to try the shoe ?

Con. You try it on, you would not dare ;
Ha, ha, ha, I'd laugh to see you there.

Mad. Cinderella, come to my room,
And bring the duster and the broom.

Ara. Oh ! Cindy, I think you'd look so sweet,
With the king's page kneeling at your feet.

[*Constantine and Arabella both laugh. Exeunt Mad. and Cinderella.*]

Con. I think that child is a perfect fright.

Ara. For once we agree, I think you are right.

Con. Are you going to try to win the game ?

Ara. Yes, I'll *win* too, or change my name.

Con. The *name* I hope you'll let me give,
In case you fail in the trial and *live*.

(*Curtain falls.*)

Scene 3d.

[The King's Hall, with ladies assembled. The Page leads them out one by one, and seating them on a low seat in front of the stage, tries the slipper.]

Page, to one of the ladies :

With your permission, and reply,
The slipper on your foot I'll try.

The slipper, of course, don't fit. He now leads out Arabella, and after trying very hard to put on the shoe, turns to the audience with a long sigh. Constantine is now lead out, and while the Page tries in vain, Madame steps forward and anxiously watches.]

Mad. Is it on ?

Bul. All but the heel.

[During the whole scene, Fantasia stands at the back of the stage, on a tub, crying.]

.. Pare your heels, and pare your toes,
Under the tub the slipper goes."

(*Prince, stepping to the front of stage.*)

What is't I hear above the din ?
Just lift that tub and look within.
Ah ! surely now it is my fate,
Never to find the looked-for mate.

(*Buletin lifts the tub and discovers Cinderella.*)

Bul. She's nothing but a cinder sweep,
You would not try it on her feet.

Prin. To the letter obey my decree,
And leave the consequence to me.

(*Buletin leads Cinderella to the seat and slips on the slipper.*)

Bul. Upon my word the slipper is on,
Oh King, at last your Bride is won.

(Prince covers his face.)

Alas, what power has ruled my fate,
And I awake, alas, too late.
Nevertheless, my oath shall be
Fulfilled. My bride I see.

[During this soliloquy Fantasia transforms Cinderella to a princess, and at his last words the prince uncovers his face.]

Prin. Do mine eyes deceive me, my princess fair,
Is't the same wee lass with the golden hair,
That appeared at the ball on my festive eve,
And fled like a fairy without my leave ?

Fan. A fairy, yes you speak aright,
And the same you saw on that happy night ;
A cinder sweep and a princess too,
Well fitted to share the crown with you.

(Prince taking Cinderella by the hand, leads her to the throne, and the ladies all kneel.)

Prin. Welcome my queen to crown and throne,
And I do not offer these alone,
But a heart that shall be thine forever,
Or "until death us two do sever."

Cin. My prince, so strange is this to me,
I will not try to answer thee.
And I will patiently await,
The fulfillment of my happy fate.
I need not speak of the life I've led,
Since my father did a new wife wed.
Only let me say what I've thought before,
To her who the name of mother bore.
I could have loved you as I ought,
Had you but my affections sought.

My sisters, you have made life sad to me,
But I forgive you—yes, *all three*.

(Enter Fairies.)

Mother Fantasia, and fairy friends,
I will love you all till my whole life ends.

(Fantasia stepping in front addresses the audience.)

Fan. My friends, the golden rule is again made
new,

“ That ye do unto others
As ye would have others
Do unto you.”

Finis.



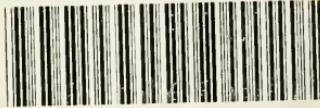
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